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### The Pay of Two Presidents.

When the emoluments attached to the office of President of France are considered, it is not surprising that a vacancy brought forth such a host of candidates; neither should it astonish any one that M. Grevy was loth to relinquish such a paying position, when he had five years of his time to serve.

The salary of the President of the French Republic is \$120,000 per year. Beside this liberal stipend he is allowed firewood, candle and gaslight, men servants, the wages and board of whom the State pays, as well as buying their livery, two carriages, a carriage for his secretaries, two military secretaries, three civil secretaries, house linen and the cost of washing it, and vegetables for his table from the gardens formerly belonging to the empire. The flowers for his greenhouse and ballroom come from the city nursery gardens. His supply of game not only costs him nothing, but is so abundant that he can sell about \$9,000 worth a year after supplying his table, valuable preserves in the forests of Marly and Rambouillet being set apart for the President's use.

His musical and theatrical tastes are also gratified at the public expense, the State paying for a box at the opera and at the Francois for his use. And if he is too indolent to occupy his boxes, he and his family can enjoy the music without leaving the State residence, telephones having been put in for that purpose, which are paid for by the Republic. For the household expenses, the sum of \$32,480 is allowed annually.

The President of the United States, while receiving but \$50,000 as salary, runs ahead of the French President in the matter of household expenses. His private secretary, the clerks, doorkeepers, messengers, steward, and servants cost \$33,865 a year, which the nation pays, as well as a "contingent fund" of \$8,000 a year. Then the sum of \$16,000 is appropriated for use as the President sees fit in buying furniture for the White House, and in keeping that building in repair. For fuel \$3,000 is allowed, and \$4,000 more for repairs to the green-house. These sums, added to the salary, make the President cost the United States \$114,865 per year, which is still a smaller sum than the bare salary of France's ruler. — *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

### Big Times Ahead.

"Are you getting ready for that excursion of Eastern capitalists which is coming here when the railroad is completed?" asked a prominent citizen of a new Kansas town of the Mayor.

"Oh, yes. We've made arrangements with Metropolis City to borrow its county seat for the day and will move it down. Then we're going to have two brass bands, and the railroad company will sidetrack a couple of freight trains here all day, and I'm having the creek dammed up two miles above here, and just before they come we'll cut the dam and let her howl all day and call her a river, and I'm going to salt the town well with a barrel of kerosene and have an expert smelling of it and talking loud about natural gas; and then there'll be two or three men run over with teams, and a lot more will be going around and looking awful deep and sticking stakes around for new buildings, and everything will boom proportionately all day. Oh, you just let me alone to extract the reluctant dollar from the pocket of the Eastern investors!" — *Chicago Tribune*.

### A Town with Bright Prospects.

"We were running a preliminary line for a branch of the Santa Fe Railroad through Morton, one of the extreme western counties in the State, when one day about noon, after we had traveled across the country for what I should judge to have been eight or ten miles without meeting a living soul, a man with long, matted hair, and with nothing on but pants, shirt, and a broad-brimmed hat, rode up astride a mule. His face and hands were almost black with dirt, which had evidently not been disturbed for many days.

"After dismounting and saying 'good morning' he asked me what we were doing.

"Running a line for a railroad" said I.

"Then you are going too far to the north."

"Why so?"

"If you continue on your present line you will miss Prairie City by about two miles, and, of course, you don't want to do that."

"I told him I had not been aware that we were so close to a city. 'How large is it?' I asked.

"Well, it isn't so very large yet, but it is growing fast. Then, as you would be the first company to build a road to it you would have a monopoly of the freight and passenger business, which isn't to be sneezed at."

"How many dwellings, manufactories, mills, etc., has Prairie City?" I asked.

"Well, it hasn't any of them things yet, but she's growin'."

"What the—have you in that city, if you haven't any buildings?"

"Well, sir, drawing himself up to his full height, I have named the town and have begun to dig a well; han't that 'nuff'?" — *Philadelphia News*.

### Kamschatkans and Their Homes.

The aborigines of Kamschatka are Kamschatkales and Koriaks; but little is known of their origin, and both have decreased in numbers since the Russian occupation. The country is now chiefly peopled by Siberian, Russians, and by a race the product of inter-marriage between them and the aboriginal Kamschatkales. The new race is unusual to distinguish as Kamschatkales; and a greedy, disagreeable kind of people they seem to be. They are of a low order, and live in summer either in wretched huts by the river banks, or in lofts above the sheds in which they hang their fish. In winter they have semi-subterranean dwellings. Their habits and diet are alike filthy; and their notions of honesty meager. The pure Kamschatkales, on the other hand, appear to be a kindly and hospitable people. The houses of the better class of natives of Russian blood are usually log built, unpainted, containing usually two, and sometimes, but rarely, four rooms, in which will be found a few chairs, a rough deal table a tawdry gilt ikon of the Russian church, and any number of cockroaches and unmentionable insects. The houses are in many places raised above the ground, either upon stones, like haystacks, or upon low wooden pillars. The floors are boarded, and the house is warmed by means of a huge brick stove built in between the room, which develops immense heat. The diet of these "upper classes" is—besides fish—milk, sour cream, rye bread, and bilberries. The bilberry seems to be the only fruit in Kamschatka.

Those who go for berries should not retreat from briars.

### A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

The Profound Respect Shown by a Seaman to a Dignified Stranger. (Boston Transcript.)

In 1871 I was a "youngster" on board the flagship of the Asiatic squadron, the command of which had recently been assumed by Admiral P., who, by the way, has long since struck his colors to the grim destroyer. The vessel was lying at the time in Hong Kong, the Admiral having come out overland and via Pacific Mail steamer, alone, retaining on his staff the officers who had served under his predecessor; also the old servants. About the same time Commander K— was expected on the station to take command of one of the junior vessels.

It was customary to send a boat immediately on the arrival of the mail steamer from home to obtain the mail and to furnish a passage to any new arrivals for the fleet. When the Admiral came out arrived it fell to me to take charge of the "boarding boat." I was cautioned to "look out" for any passengers for the fleet and especially for Commander K— who was expected by that steamer.

Accordingly, after obtaining the mail and the latest news from home, I inquired for passengers, and was informed that there was one first-class passenger who was desirous of getting on board the flagship to report to the Admiral. I went in search of the gentleman and found him in his stateroom. Having never had the pleasure of meeting Commander K—, I was not surprised to find him a dark-skinned man of medium height, with a full black beard. Although, as I remember him now, he was not particularly imposing in his appearance, yet there must have been something in his manner or bearing to impress me, for I saluted profoundly, as became one in my position, and ventured to suggest that we had expected him by the previous steamer. He said he had unfortunately missed the steamer, and, after a few remarks, expressed a desire to go on board the flagship and report to the Admiral.

I ushered him into the boat and gave him the seat of honor, having first sent one of the men to get his "stateroom trunk," leaving the remainder of his luggage for a second trip. Not wishing to force my company or conversation on the commander, I sat as far forward as possible in the stern sheets and gave my attention to the handling of the boat.

As we drew near the flagship I could see the officer of the deck and the quartermaster, with leveled glasses, trying to "make out" the occupant of the boat. They were evidently perfectly satisfied, for immediately I heard the boatswain's pipe for "side boys," and then I knew I had the commander. When we came along side I stood with uncovered head while he left the boat, and then followed him up the gangway to the deck, where stood the Captain of the flagship, the flag Lieutenant, and the officer of the deck, bowing and scraping and doing the commander any amount of honor.

The latter appeared much impressed with his reception, but not at all embarrassed, and after a few seconds of handshaking he started aft to report his arrival to the Admiral, escorted by the Captain and the flag Lieutenant, the latter preceding him into the cabin to introduce him to the Admiral, who was busy dozing in a big arm-chair.

Our friend, the flag Lieutenant, by the way, was a very elegant young man, and justly celebrated for his style of introducing people. Stepping gracefully aside, he started the Admiral out of his nap with: "Admiral, permit me to make you acquainted with Commander K—, who has just come out to take command of the—"

The Admiral got on his feet, took a look at the commander, and said, as well as his efforts not to laugh would allow him:

"Commander K— be blowed. That's my steward!"

THE coasts of Lower California abound with huge turtles which weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. Down at Punta Banda, where a company is building a big hotel, one of the workmen, who is an expert swimmer and spends much time in the water, has become skillful in riding the big animals. A traveler says that when the man sees one that is big enough to ride he rushes into the water and mounts it. He has a way of slapping the turtles on the side of the head that makes them jog along, and, by striking them, he also guides them. He rode a big fellow near the shore the other day as the stage drove up the coast road and the occupants of the stage were so pleased with the exhibition that they made up a purse of \$30 for the rider.

### A Poor Investment.

Farmer Hiram Dill was ditching in a meadow of his near Saltsburg, Pa., and during a pause in his labor he was surprised to see a ground hog placidly feeding in a patch of clover, which was still fresh and green, on the edge of a small spring run that led across the field. The farmer had noticed a ground hog's hole on one edge of the meadow.

Knowing the activity and agility of the ground hog, and that when one is surprised it will make for its hole, no matter what may stand between it and that hole, the farmer took off his vest—the warmth of his work having caused him previously to disperse with his coat—and spread the vest over the ground hog's hole.

"Now," said the farmer, "if that ground hog eludes me an' reaches its hole afore I knock it over it won't be able to find the hole, an' while it is runnin' around an' to an' fro, dazed an' perplexed, lookin' for it, I'll git my work in on it with a club."

The ground hog rushed upon its fate, but its fate was too slow, and when the farmer brought his club down on the spot where he thought the ground hog would be the quick little animal dodged and shot straight between Dill's legs. Dill turned around in time to see the ground hog not running about dazed and perplexed, seeking the hole that had been so cunningly and meretriciously hidden from it, but diving with marvelous precision against the vest, just at the spot where the hole was hidden, and disappearing with the vest into whatever subterranean depths lay beyond. The thing was done so quickly and neatly that it was a full minute before Farmer Dill could find words to express his surprise. The words were few.

"Well, I'll be darned," said he.

Mr. Dill walked in a dazed sort of way himself back to the hole and, stooping down, looked through the dark portal of the ground hog's haunt. As he gazed his countenance began to change. Something akin to despair appeared where only amazement was before. Without a word he rushed to where he had been at work, rushed back again with his pickaxe, and went to digging madly in the ground hog's burrow. The ground was soft, the digging easy, and the farmer worked like a steam shovel, following the subterranean passage of the ground hog's home, but somehow he couldn't come up with what he was after.

He dug a quarter of the way around the meadow, and at last ran the ground hog and the vest down, the former wrapped helplessly in the latter. The farmer snatched his lost property, and shook the ground hog out, which scampered away across the lot, fleeing from its sadly dismantled hearth. The \$30 was all right in the pocket, and as Farmer Dill gave a sigh of relief and mopped his brow with his shirt sleeve, he remarked:

"It hain't a powerful sight of money, but it's too much to pay for one lesson in ground hog huntin'."

### Photographing Bullets in Motion.

An Austrian physicist, Herr H. Mach of Prague, has made some interesting experiments on photographing rifle bullets in motion by means of the electric light. In doing this he illumines the bullet by letting it break an electric current formed, but the velocity of the bullet must exceed that of sound, in order that the conditions of the air before and behind the projectile can be shown.

After many experiments, Herr Mach succeeded in photographing projectiles fired by Mr. Wernel and Mr. Jurde's guns, having respectively an initial velocity of 438 and 530 metres per second. The photographs thus obtained showed an air formation in front of the bullet having the form of an hyperbola, whilst behind it almost a vacuum was formed, in which, when the initial velocity was very great, there were some curious spiral motions.

On the whole, there appeared from these photographs to be a great similarity between the motion of a body through the water, and that of a projectile through the air.

### How He Cared Her.

In one fashionable circle they are telling of a dignified old gentleman who thought that the dress and demeanor of his young wife were too gay for the public streets. So he told her, but she made no alteration. Then he resolved upon a practical lesson. He met her in a public thoroughfare with his hat rakishly set back, a cigar in his mouth, a cane friskily flourished, his coat wide open, and his thumbs thrust into the armpits of his vest. She was astounded by his violent departure from his accustomed sober air.

"What on earth ails you?" she asked.

"Nothing," he briskly replied; "only I can be gallus, too."

She says that she is cured. Henceforth she will probably go out in modest gait. — *New York Sun*.

### GREAT PAINTER.

BY OTIS P. READ.

Several men were sitting in a store at Jameson's tan-yard talking of the pictures which they had seen in the "art" gallery of a county fair.

"Yes, looked pretty well," said an old fellow, "but they ain't what I call fine paintin'." Boys, you know'd Andy Summers?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Andy was a painter. One day he painted a picture of an overcoat, an' it was so natchul that his daddy put it on an' had worn it some time before he found out it was a picture."

"Yes," rejoined a fellow named Smith, "I have heard of that picture. Andy was a putty good out painter, thar ain't no mistake about that, but when you want to get some right good work done you've got to go to a fellow that has larned the trade sho nuff. Now Miles Stokes was what I call a number one painter. You all know'd Miles—lived on the old Ashford place the year after the war. One time Miles painted the picture of a fiddle, an' I'll be hanged if a feller didn't take it to a dancin' an' play on it all night. Never heard sich music in my life. Made it fairly talk, the feller did. That was one paintin' sho nuff."

"That was a mighty fine picture," said old Parson Gates, the circuit rider. "Miles could have done uthin' at paintin' if he had kept on tryin', but he peered to lose his grip sarter Bob Hadley came around. Hadley was a fine painter. Of course I ain't no art critic, or nothin' of that sort, and don't pretend to put my judgment up any higher than you can reach, but somehow he always struck me as bein' a powerful natchul painter. One night thar was a possum of us over at old Simmons' house an' we got after Bob to paint us a picture. He said he didn't feel like paintin' an' kep' on makin' excuses till old Simmons went out and fetched in a bucket of paint an' a bresh an' told Bob that he jest must paint some sort of picture whuther or no. Wall, Bob he tuck up the bresh an' begunter slash it aroun' till the fust thing we know'd he had dun painted the picture of a jug. I wuz jest as natchul as any jug I ever seed, an' when I tuck it up and sorter shuck it I hearn uthin' slosh. I turned it up, I did, an' hanged of thar want whisky in it."

"Sho nuff whisky?"

"Tell you how sho 'nuff it was. We let in to drink in it, an' it wa'n't long till we was all drunk."

"It's yore time now, Uncle Buck," cried a young fellow, slapping an old man on the back.

"I ain't no han' to exaggerate, boys," Uncle Buck replied. "To me thar ain't no fun in a impossible lie."

"Then what you air goin' to tell us is the truth, eh?"

"Yes, an' I'll bet my hoss agin yourn."

"Well, wait till I've heard your story."

"All right," Uncle Buck continued. "I was in Bill Rickey's store some time ago. Bill, you know, while he don't make no pretense, is considerable of an artist. Wall, jest to amuse me or himself, he painted a nigger, an' the nigger went out doors, chopped some wood, brought it into the house an' made as good a fire as you ever saw."

"Uncle Buck, I'll take the bet."

"All right. Yander's John Higgins out yander. Call him in."

When Higgins came in, Uncle Buck asked: "Higgins, wa'n't you at Rickey's store one day last week?"

"Yes."

"Seed me thar?"

"Yes."

"Anybody else thar?"

"Yes, a nigger."

"What did Rickey do to him?"

"Snatched up a brush and painted him, jest fur fun."

"What did the nigger do shortly afterwards?"

"Chopped some wood an' made a fire."

"Gabe," said Uncle Buck, "go fetch that horse round here."

"Oh, no; you said he painted the picture of a nigger."

"No, I didn't. Did I, boys?"

"No, said he painted a nigger," some one replied, and the boys agreed that those were his exact words.

"That's the only hoss I've got, Uncle Buck."

"Kain't he p' it; fetch him."

Gabe brought the horse around and Uncle Buck led him away. — *Arkansas Traveler*.

THE Royal Society, of London, furnishes some interesting examples of the longevity of men distinguished for scientific work. The average age of the fourteen Fellows who died during the past year was 75 years—the youngest—Dr. Wilson For—being 56, and the oldest—Admiral Denham and Dr. Richard Quain—being 87.

### His Reformation.

There is, in Kentucky, an inebriate asylum where everything the patient eats or drinks is seasoned with whisky. This method, it was thought, would inspire such disgust for liquor that the patient, when discharged, would be only too glad to drink unpolluted spring water. Some time ago old Jethro Mills, a drunkard of well-known thirst and capacity, was sent to that asylum. Some of his friends remonstrated with Mrs. Mills. "Such treatment will almost kill him," they declared. "Ab Wilson, who was there a while, says that he came within one of dying. No matter which way he turned there was the scent of whisky to gag him. Don't, we beg of you, inflict such a cruel punishment on your husband. Madam, we speak from experience when we say that after the human system begins to rebel against whisky, there is no greater punishment than its retching fumes."

Mrs. Mills, being a strong-minded woman, did not yield to the entreaty, but sent the old man to the asylum. Several months afterward the old fellow returned, and, some one who was anxious of testing the strength of his enforced reformation, asked him if he felt like going over to the saloon and taking a little somethin'.

"Wall," said old Mills, "b'leve I'll jine you. Ain't sich a powerful hand for licker, but I ginerly take a little this time o' day."

They went over to the saloon, and while the bar-keeper was "mixin' the nominated pizen," one of the boys asked him how he liked the asylum.

"Wall, Jimmie," said he, "takin' it all in all, it is a putty good sorter place."

"Put whisky in everything, didn't they?"

"Yes, they made a stagger in that direction. I only found fault with one thing."

"What was that?"

"They didn't put quite enough licker in the soup. W'y, boys, I had to drink about a dozen platefuls before I ginter feel it, which you know wuz imposin' mighty on a ole man."

"How was the coffee?"

"Done putty well. I reckon thar wuz about a table-spoonful o' licker to each cup. Not enough, you know, but it showed that the superintendent was disposed to act squar'." Wall, here's a hopin'." — *Arkansas Traveler*.

### The Gila Monster.

Many people think there is no such thing as a Gila monster. And yet, throughout the Colorado desert, especially along the Gila River, you may encounter thousands. On the contrary, too, you may scarcely see one. The Gila monster (*Heloderma horridum*) is almost as thick as your leg and about eighteen or twenty inches long. It has a head which is pretty near all mouth and opens clear back to its ears. The head is about as big as half a cigar-box, set with little, vicious eyes, and the mouth is powerfully muscled and set with four sharp fangs and a lot of grinders. The color of the monster is reddish, with brown spots. It has a blunt tail, as nearly all poisonous lizards have. I found these monsters living in the hot sand. They are not good to fool with, and a man who is in the Gila monster business must know what he is about.

One day last June I pulled up from the hot desert to a little ranch on the Colorado River. The man who owned the place had a pet Gila monster which he kept in a barrel. He stooped down to get him out to show him to me and some friends of his who were there, and the monster shut down on his thumb. He gripped it so tight in his awful mouth, which was like a vise, that his jaws had to be pried open with an iron bar. The man only lived a few hours and died in terrible spasms. Another man bitten while I was down there has ever since been paralyzed in the side. Hardly anybody ever gets over a bite from this terrible animal. — *San Francisco Examiner*.

### Let Him Whistle.

"Stop that whistling! Don't you know it is Sunday, and the minister is listening to you?" said a young officer to a sailor on board an English vessel on which a Presbyterian minister was a passenger.

"Nonsense!" said the minister, "let him whistle; it keeps evil thoughts out of his mind."

I always admired that saying and the man that said it, though I do not know his name. That man knew something of human nature and of the workings of the human heart; and he had a just and generous idea of the Creator. Like Luther, he believed that "made drives the devil away." — *Home Journal*.

Truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. — *Emerson*.